

The Musical World.

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HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THE departure of this eminent musician and critic is fixed for to-day, his duties in Paris not permitting him a longer absence. The grand concert, which was to have been given under his name, and for his benefit, at Exeter Hall, has, therefore, been abandoned.

As whatever relates to Hector Berlioz must be a matter of interest to those who admire and respect the highest and sincerest qualities of an artist, we shall not hesitate to make public a fact connected with the concert that should have taken place, but is now given up—a fact which confers credit on the committee who combined for the purpose of organizing it, and upon those who came forward spontaneously, as patrons and supporters. We cannot do this better than by publishing a translated extract from a letter which we have received from Hector Berlioz himself.

"My dear ———.

"The concert cannot take place. The gentlemen of the committee, organized to get it up, have conceived the delicate, charming, and generous idea of devoting the sum realised by the subscription opened for the concert to the acquisition of the score of my *Faust*, which will be published, with English text, under the superintendence of Beale, and other members of the committee. It would be impossible to be more cordial and artist-like at the same time; and I rejoice at the result of the performance at Covent Garden, since it has been the cause of a demonstration so sympathetic, intelligent, and worthily expressed. Give all the publicity in your power to this manifestation; you will render justice to your compatriots, and, at the same time, confer a very great pleasure on

"Yours, &c.,

"HECTOR BERLIOZ."

After a short stay at Paris, Berlioz will leave for Baden-Baden, where he is engaged to direct a musical performance on a grand scale, which will take place in the middle of August. The whole of *Romeo and Juliet* will be executed. Sophie Cruvelli, and her sister Marie, are also engaged; so that the "solemnity" will be one of irresistible attraction. Vivier, and his enchanted horn, alone are wanted to render it complete. Vivier, however—who has, for some months past, withdrawn himself from society, for the purpose of serious and uninterrupted study—has resolved to try his fortune in America. *Il a raison. Vivier a toujours raison.* His success in the United States is certain.

EMILE PRUDENT.

THE third season of this eminent pianist has established him as a favourite in this over-crowded city. Emile Prudent may now be considered a fixture—or rather as a periodical

visitor, since he cannot at present afford to relinquish the numerous engagements in Paris and other [of the great cities of France.

Emile Prudent has played no less than nine times in public. At the grand concert by Mad. Puzzi (Hanover Square), at the 4th concert by the New Philharmonic (Exeter Hall), at the fashionable and aristocratic *matinée musicale* of Mdlle. Anichini, at the last concert of the Harmonic Union (Exeter Hall), at the *matinée* of Mad. Mortier de Fontaine (Beethoven Rooms), at the Philharmonic Society in Dublin, at the *matinée* of M. Poignet, the violoncellist, at the benefit of Sig. Puzzi (Drury Lane Theatre), at the brilliant *matinée* of Mrs. Macdonnel, and at a great number of *matinées* and *soirées* in the private residences of the aristocracy and gentry. Emile Prudent has performed his most popular compositions (*La Chasse, le Reveil des Fées, le Retour du Berger, the Sonnambula, &c.*) with invariable and distinguished success. He will terminate his season, with a *coup d'éclat*, at the "Testimonial Concert" of Jullien (at Drury Lane) on Monday night. So that, although a veracious correspondent of *La France Musicale* could hear no news of the whereabouts and whatabouts of the eminent pianist, the public and the *élite* of musical society, *avait tous les jours de ses nouvelles.*

MADAME DORIA.

THIS lady, who came forward in the winter, with so little pretence, at the "Musical Winter Evenings," with which the Director of the Musical Union enlivened his patrons during the dark season, has been gradually and surely making her way in public favour. At the present time Madame Doria is undoubtedly one of those singers whose name adds the greatest attraction to the concert room. It is not her eminently prepossessing appearance and her surpassingly beautiful voice alone that constitute her claims to applause and consideration. The rapid and marked progress she is making as a vocalist can hardly have escaped observation. There is a certain style of music (Italian, Hungarian, French, and even English,) which few can sing more effectively than Madame Doria, and to this she owes her gradually increasing popularity, and her numerous engagements, not only in public, but at the private concerts of the nobility. We have little doubt, indeed, that Maria Doria will be among the chief vocal attractions at the approaching festivals in Gloucester and Bradford. Good singers are not so plentiful now, that a new one of such talent and attractions as Madame Doria can possibly be overlooked.



A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JULLIEN.

(Continued from our last.)

Like the boy Mozart (as related in the history of his life), the boy Jullien had been practising the fiddle unknown to his parents, and with such eagerness and assiduity that, in a very short time, he became completely master of the mechanism of the instrument. The Curate alone was in the secret. The worthy man had accidentally surprised the urchin in the midst of his studies; but knowing that Antonio's hopes were founded on the precocious talent which the child had already displayed as a vocalist, he refrained from communicating his discovery. The astonishment of the father, who did not know that Louis could play a scale upon the violin, when he heard him execute with ease, precision, good tone, correct intonation, and more than all, with style and expression, the first *allegro* of one of Viotti's most difficult concertos, may be well imagined. It was not greater, however, than the sly satisfaction of the Curate in witnessing it, or the childish ecstasy of the urchin, enchanted to play the old gentleman such a "tour" (*de force*—and no mistake).

Antonio, breathless and silent as a stone during the whole of this unexpected and almost miraculous performance, no sooner than it was over, took the child in his arms, kissed him over and over again, and, bursting with the pride and contentment of a father, exclaimed, in a kind of frenzy of happiness—"Tu seras le Paganini des Alpes!" ("You will be the Paganini of the Alps!") Then, turning to the Curate, he gently reproached him for having so long withheld such welcome news. "You might have told me," said the excellent man; "I, too, would have kept the secret."

"*Parbleu!*" rejoined the Curate. "I was in hopes that his voice would have come back; and in that case you would have unstrung the fiddle, hung up the bow, melted the rosin, and put the child to his '*sol-fa*' again—which would have broken his heart, for his genius is evidently for the music of instruments."

"*Tant pis!*" retorted Antonio. "Fate is fate, and I am happy." Then, laughing good-humouredly, he took the good Curate by the arm, and they walked together leisurely to the rehearsal at the Philharmonic, discoursing of little Louis and his prospects all the way. Antonio had already formed another project—built another castle—in the air!

Without further delay, Antonio set to work, and made arrangements for a series of concerts in the great Italian cities. As, of course, he was compelled to accompany the child, this step necessitated his leaving Sisteron for a lengthened period. As soon as the preparations for departure were completed, Antonio gave a reception at his house. All that was notable in Sisteron attended at the summons. The Curate, the officers and members of the Philharmonic Society, and the whole of the College, were the first to arrive. There were nearly two hundred persons present. After a hearty collation—during which toast upon toast was drunk, to the success of the expedition, the health of Antonio, the welfare

of the child, and the happiness of the whole family Jullien—Antonio, choked with emotion, addressed a farewell apostrophe to his kind and constant friends. "I can never forget"—he concluded—"the hospitality, the friendship, the affectionate regard, I have met with at Sisteron. From you, my earliest acquaintances, and not the least in my esteem" (appealing to Faustina, Bienaimée, and the humble inhabitants of the *chalet*)—"from you, my venerable and revered consoler" (looking at the Curate)—"from you, my fellow-workers in the art we cherish" (pointing, one by one, to the various members of the Philharmonic Society)—"and from you, my learned brother" (indicating the Professor of the College of Sisteron)—"I have received marks of attachment proofs of sincere and constant friendship, that it would be *indigne*" (that was his expression) "in me not to remember with gratitude to the end of my days. I am so overpowered"—Here the excellent man became dumb with emotion. His tongue was tied, and speech refused to give utterance to the feelings that overcame him. He sat down, exhausted, amidst unanimous expressions of sympathy. His silence was more eloquent than his words!

The parting hour arrived. The whole town followed the little party to the starting place, where the *diligence* awaited their arrival. The child received so many embraces that Antonio was compelled to snatch him hurriedly away, lest he should be killed with kissing. The family entered the vehicle. The driver smacked his whip; the guard blew the parting tune upon his horn, and amidst "*Vivas!*" and endless salutations, off they went at a smart pace on the road to Turin. The day of their departure was almost like a day of general mourning. The shops were closed, and the next concert of the Philharmonic Society postponed. For a month afterwards there was great "*dole, tray, and teen*" in Sisteron and its environs.

The horn of the conductor was what in common parlance is styled a "post-horn." The tune he played upon it, at intervals, though common in those parts, happened to be strange to little Louis, who, during the whole journey, annoyed his father by his repeated prayers to be allowed to get out of the *diligence* and sit with the conductor. At length, yielding to his solicitations, Antonio stopped the driver, and Louis, to his great delight, was placed on the *banquette*, within grasp of the instrument which had newly awakened his boyish curiosity. Snatching it out of the hand of its possessor—a rough peasant, too good-humoured to oppose the wishes of the little plague—he applied it to his lips, and after three or four attempts that were futile, succeeded in making it speak. In a very short time he had mastered the tune which had so tickled his fancy, and really played it much better than the conductor himself. The good temper of the honest fellow was not proof against this. To be surpassed upon his own instrument by a child of six years old, was more than he could bear with equanimity. In a fit of jealousy he wrested the horn with violence from the boy's hands. Louis began to cry and bellow

with vexation, until his scream reached the ears of his father. In anger Antonio again stopped the *diligence*; and regardless of the tears and protestations of the child, brought him back again to his own place, apologizing to the conductor for the trouble he had caused. "Peste!" ejaculated the rustic in dudgeon—"Qui aurait pensé qu'un montard! ——— Après tout je ne sommes pas si bête! ——— diantre! ——— sacrebleu! ———" The rest of his words were lost in the rolling of the wheels, and the noise of the horses' hoofs. Antonio fell into a brown study; Louis, fairly exhausted, fell asleep, and nothing else worth recording happened until their arrival at Turin.

It would be tedious to recount one by one the successes achieved by our hero in the Italian cities. Suffice it that the concerts were brilliant and profitable, at every place he visited. An incident which occurred at Turin, in the *Teatro Reale*, at once made the child a "lion" in the capital of Sardinia, and won him the patronage and caresses of the Piedmontese nobility. The Queen attended the first concert given in the theatre by Antonio, with all the court, and the heads of the government. The boy's execution of one of Rode's most difficult concertos so astounded Her Majesty and *suite*, that, by command, the little prodigy was lifted from the stage into the royal box. The Queen took him on her knees, covered him with kisses, and almost choked him with sugar-plums. It was then for one *dame d'honneur* after another to follow Her Majesty's example—until poor Louis was almost annihilated in the laps and bosoms of this bevy of ravishing (*sic*) ladies. The King, however, not being a musical connoisseur, and consequently less edified by the child's extraordinary gifts, became somewhat jealous that the eyes of all his court, (and especially those of the dames of honor,) should be turned from his own august person, to be centered on that of a pigmy violinist. A look ("un regard,") which was immediately translated by the Queen as a command, was as immediately obeyed. The illustrious lady gracefully lifted the boy in her arms, and re-consigned him to the *chef d'orchestre* (the well-known Generali—composer of one hundred operas), who placed him before the lamps just in time to play his next piece—the celebrated *Pezzo di Diavolo* of Tartini ("Devil's Dream," as it has been called).

When Italy had been well explored, the South of France was scoured; and, to make short tale, after four years of labour, travel, triumph, and gain, the Julliens returned once more to Sisteron. Having amassed a considerable sum of money, Antonio thought he could not use it to better purpose than in the purchase of an estate. He hoped to end his days at Sisteron, and was resolved to obtain a country-house within gunshot of it. At length, he pitched upon one that pleased him. A large *chateau* and grounds, which stood under the name of Sarrebois, was offered for sale, its possessor (M. Vaste Vimeux,) having undertaken the management of some coffee plantations at Ceylon. Antonio leaped at the chance, and laid out all his savings at one stroke. Thoroughly satisfied, however, he

lived there three years with his family, and devoted six hours per diem to completing the musical education of his son, who, he determined, should not again appear in public until he was thoroughly accomplished in every branch of the art. During this period, the boy learned harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and the rules of composition; besides making himself both mechanically and theoretically acquainted with the character and use of every kind of wind instrument. His leisure hours were spent in the adjacent hills and forests, where he would wander alone, with a flute, horn, clarinet, or some other instrument of the orchestra; practising, ruminating, and making all sorts of experiments, which not seldom ended in important discoveries and improvements. It was often past midnight before the lad came home, tired and exhausted, to refresh himself with a frugal supper, and a sound night's sleep. Antonio, however, was never anxious or uneasy about him, being by this time fully acquainted with the idiosyncracies of his son, and especially with his inordinate love of solitary rambling. He had not, however, forgotten the eagle (which, magnificently stuffed, formed the most imposing ornament in the music-room at Sarrebois); but he had naturally no longer any fears or tremblings on that head.

Louis George Jullien was now thirteen years of age; and one of the most eventful periods of his life was close at hand: he was destined to leave Sisteron, only to return as a man, with a name familiar to Europe.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first performance of the *Prophète* for the season, independent of any novel stimulating power, was sure to prove a great cause of attraction; but when a new Fides was announced, and a new Jean, curiosity was added to pleasurable expectation, and the attraction was redoubled. The bills declared that Madame Tedesco, from the Grand Opera of Paris, would make her *début* in Fides, that Signor Tamberlik would make his first appearance in Jean of Leyden. This involved conjecture and speculation. Wherefore did Mario resign one of his grandest and most finished performances to Tamberlik? And why should Madame Tedesco supersede Grisi? Was there any necessity for these alterations, and would they be for the best? Rumour stated that Grisi gave up her part of her own free will, but that Mario was not even consulted in the transfer of parts. With this the public have little or nothing to do. Enough if in the substitutions their pleasure receives no diminution. Favouritism may cry aloud against the innovation as heretical, but the general voice will respond in token of admiration when there is cause for admiring.

The first performance of the *Prophète* was given on Friday night—last night week—as an extra-extra night. The night chosen was an unusual one, and out of the regular opera nights; nevertheless, the theatre was crowded in every part, and most of the subscribers retained their boxes.

The new Fides was warmly, but not enthusiastically, greeted. She had a severe ordeal to undergo, in supplying the place of Grisi and Viardot, and Madame Tedesco evidently felt it, being nervous in the extreme in her opening recitative, and in the duet with Bertha. In the grand aria, "Ah!

mon fils," however, in the second part, her timidity was overcome, and the fair *debutante* sang with all her power, and produced an immense effect, and from that moment her success was assured. In the coronation scene, and in the prison, her vocal and histrionic powers were still further tested, and, at the conclusion, Madame Tedesco was unanimously declared a singer of the highest pretensions.

The chief qualities of Madame Tedesco's voice are power, grandeur, and largeness. In volume and sonority of tone, it more resembles Malibran's voice than any voice we have heard, and, in extent, it almost equals Alboni's. It is, in short, a grand dramatic voice, and wonderfully fitted to the music of Fides. Madame Tedesco is an Italian, but does not betray any tendency to the modern Italian school in singing Meyerbeer's music. In this respect, she exhibits as much art as Viardot, and more—we write it deferentially—than Grisi. Madame Tedesco is, moreover, a highly accomplished vocalist—a true artist, in the best sense of the word. She sings with great ease, and manages her voice with admirable skill. A slight inclination to exaggerate, as exemplified in the production of the lower notes, is the principal defect of her singing; but who that has sung at the Grand Opera of Paris ever escaped from the besetting sin of French singers—exaggeration? Not one whom we have ever heard. The wonder is, that Madame Tedesco displays so little exaggeration. One of the greatest charms of Madame Tedesco's singing is, her perfect intonation. Her voice is always in tune, whether she sings high or low, forte or piano. In that awfully difficult aria, "O, verita! figlia del ciel," in the prison, act 3, which taxes the vocal powers to the very utmost, Madame Tedesco was eminently successful, and created a *furor*. In rapidity and clearness of articulation, she was perhaps surpassed by Madame Viardot; but, in power of tone, quality of voice, purity, intonation, and every vocal charm, she was far superior. When it is remembered that this scena was written expressly for Madame Viardot, the triumph of Madame Tedesco must be considered the greater.

As an actress, we can hardly speak so unreservedly for Madame Tedesco. She is intelligent, easy, graceful, and exceedingly natural—accomplishments which go no small way to make up the sum total of the great artist—and, moreover, she is full of feeling, and passionate, and is not devoid of energy and abandonment; but, the tongue of flame has not descended upon her, and she is deficient only in genius. This is rather felt than rendered explainable in Madame Tedesco's acting. There is always meaning and the best endeavour in what she does; but she fails to establish that intercommunion of sympathy between herself and the audience which only the highest genius can effect, and which is independent of all art, and all power. In fine, she has not laid down the electric-wires between herself, and her hearers, and spectators, and cannot strike a thrill home to the heart. But Madame Tedesco's achievement in Fides has been that which, perhaps, no other living artist (Alboni *excepto*) could accomplish. To achieve what she has achieved, after the triumphs of Grisi and Viardot, is a feat, all but unparalleled, and must be chronicled as such.

But if Madame Tedesco had been allotted a severe task, what must that have been which devolved upon Tamberlik, who had to play Jean of Leyden after Mario? If ever there was a performance on the stage which might, without exaggeration, be termed "transcendent," it was Mario's Jean of Leyden; and to take such a part from Mario without vital reasons, would *a priori* imply an act of insanity on the part of the direction. But we suppose the direction has had its own sound and shrewd reasons, which, no doubt, the public will be made acquainted

with in good time. But having taken the part from Mario, or Mario having resigned the part, no other living substitute could be found besides Tamberlik, whose magnificent acquirements, as we have frequently set forth, so admirably befit him for grand operas of the French school. We have only to instance Tamberlik's Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*—the first grand opera in which he appeared, (is not the *Mosé in Egitto* an exception? query?) one of the most striking and splendid performances of modern times—to show what he could effect in grand operas. But in *Guillaume Tell* Tamberlik had not to combat with recollections of Mario. He had only to fight against the memories of Roger, Andre, and faint reminiscences of Duprez, all of which he annihilated in one night. But to get rid of impressions produced by Mario, and by Mario in the *Prophète*, was matter of a very different kind. Tamberlik could have no hope to effect that; nor could he knock comparison on the head and render it lifeless. He must brave comparison, stand by comparison and achieve in despite of comparison. In fact, poor Tamberlik had a task nothing short of hereulean appointed to him; a weight atlantean placed upon his shoulders; and Tamberlik, and Tamberlik only, could go through the one and get rid of the other.

We have no hesitation in saying, taking all the circumstances under our consideration, that Tamberlik on Friday night week in the *Prophète* achieved one of his greatest triumphs. If we were asked, did Tamberlik surpass himself on that occasion? we should say, by no means. His Jean of Leyden, with all its magnificent points, was not up to the Tamberlik mark, and will not be, until frequent performances have instilled the part into him, given him a greater self-dependence, and rendered him more fearless and less heedful of others thoughts. Tamberlik is one of the most diffident artists we ever knew, and it was not without pain we witnessed his nervousness on Friday night, a nervousness which never left him during the entire performance. But, assuredly he had nothing to fear. Though tremulous in the first scene, and under the influence of a natural timidity all the evening, he sang very finely, occasionally with all his force and magnificence, and on several occasions excited the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. In the famous "Re del cielo," and the Bacchanalian song in the last scene, "Beviam, beviam," he surpassed his predecessor. In the latter he was greeted with a tumultuous encore.

At present we forbear from entering into further particulars of the performance, satisfied that Tamberlik has not yet done himself the fullest justice, and that by and by we shall have to place his Jean of Leyden beside his Arnold and Amenophis (*Mosé in Egipto*).

The general execution of the opera is entitled to the highest praise. The three Anabaptists, by Formes, Stigelli, and Polonini, were never better represented, and the difficult music allotted to them was sung to perfection. The Count Oberthal of Tagliaccio was also excellent, and the singing of this artist in the grand trio in the tent scene, "Il vostro bandiere," could not have been surpassed.

The band and chorus were splendid, and the corps de ballet, with Plunket as principal, was more effective than ever.

On the whole, bating one or two drawbacks, we have seen no performance of Meyerbeer's masterpiece which more thoroughly satisfied us.

The *Huguenots* on Saturday attracted an immense house.

The *Prophète* was repeated on Tuesday with increased effect, both Madame Tedesco and Tamberlik having more than confirmed the impressions of Friday night.

The *Huguenots* again on Thursday. The *Prophète* will be repeated to night.

Dramatic.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mitchell's second series of German plays began on Monday night, like the first, with Göthe's *Egmont*. The unfortunate Count and the amiable Clärchen were played, as they were last year, by Herr Emil Devrient and Frau Stolte, but in lieu of Herr Kühn, who was the Duke of Alva on the former occasion, we had Herr Dessoir, a stranger to the British public.

We may assume that *Egmont* is now a well-known piece with all who take interest in the German performances. Nay, still more, we may assume that the same persons are tolerably familiar with Herr Devrient's interpretation of the principal part, for it was in this part that his fine figure, his musical declamation, his gestures—always graceful, though not without a certain degree of formality—first made an impression on a London audience. Frau Stolte, if we have not treacherous memories, has gained new store of animation since she was last among us. The pretty fits of pouting with which the little Flemish *grisette* now and then treats her lordly lover, and the childish admiration with which she regards his finery, were very nicely done, and quite as effective in their way as her heroic addresses when she would stimulate the citizens of Brussels to liberate Egmont. What to say of Herr Dessoir's Alva we scarcely know, so completely was the part modelled according to a standard which no one of the audience could have brought with him. Herr Kühn, who played Alva last year, closely copied the portraits, and made the terrible Duke something of a grim Mephistopheles in aspect. Herr Dessoir's Alva, on the other hand, though even further removed from the terrestrial, has about it more of the ghost than of the demon. The eyes, though restless, have a glassy look; the face is preternaturally white, and the utterance is sepulchral. The conception is remarkably well sustained, but about the conception itself we are not quite clear.

The scenes which exhibit the mob of citizens with that variety of individual character which is alone sufficient to render the work immortal, are among the best represented in the piece; indeed, it is one of the chief peculiarities of the German company, that the small parts are all filled with spirit and intelligence. Herr Birnstill, who plays Vansen, the seditious clerk, and who is, as he was last year, one of the *régisseurs* of the company, is an excellent comedian, and endues this personage, who is as eccentric in his figure as in his talk, with a reality which is not often to be met on any stage. The tailor by Herr Noetel, the invalid Frieslander by Herr Limbach, who was so successful as Polonius last season, and Egmont's soldier, who gives the animated account of the battle, are all excellent figures in the general *tableau*.

The success of the performance was unequivocal. The love-scene between Egmont and Clara, and the scene between Egmont and Alva, were honoured with especial calls, which were duly answered by the performers.

It appears essential to a German season that it should be ushered in by an allegorical lady denoting the German muse, or Germania, or Teutonia, or somebody of the sort. On Monday night the ceremony was performed by Fraulein Fuhr, of Berlin, who is to be one of the stars in the course of the season, and who poured forth the usual measure of rhymed compliments on her British kindred.

The literary eminence of *Faust* will always render it one of the leading pieces whenever a German company travels about with its dramatic stock. Every amateur of German literature has read, or tried to read, what is called "*Göthe's*

chef d'œuvre," and is anxious to see how Mephistopheles, who has so long haunted picture-galleries and print-shops, will appear upon the stage. It is not the despairing scholar Faust—it is not the unhappy Gretchen, that is the object of curiosity—but it is that Voltairian fiend, who, differing from every other fiend, has become a sort of disreputable acquaintance, who is always listened to with the smallest possible belief in his principles, but the largest possible veneration for his shrewdness. When once Mephistopheles has been seen, has sneered his sneer, and has displayed his various peculiarities, *Faust*, as an acted play, becomes decidedly tiresome. It was not written to be acted, and, we believe, never was acted in the lifetime of its distinguished author. Irregular in construction, and written with the feeling of a perfect freedom from all limitations of time and space, it is by a mere process of rough-hewing that it is brought to stage dimensions. All that gives it its free jovial character is taken away, and it remains a meagre tale of seduction and consequent misery, with a little supernatural business by way of preparation. We can scarcely imagine that anything would have given Göthe more displeasure than the sight of his *Faust* brought within the compass of footlights and canvas scenery.

On Wednesday night the performance of *Faust* was somewhat unlucky. Herr Emil Devrient, who was to have played Faust, was seriously indisposed, and Herr Dessoir, who was to have played Mephistopheles, abandoned that intention, and took the place of Herr Devrient. This left Mephistopheles vacant for Herr Engelken, a gentleman of less ability than the others, but who nevertheless played the attendant fiend passably well. He had not that wiry movement, and that sharp demoniac look, which we find in the picture-books, nor could we describe his manner as subtle and insinuating. He was indeed, somewhat of a bluff Mephistopheles, but he spoke his words with point and force, and he seemed to be well acquainted with the traditions of the character; so that, under the circumstances, the audience might congratulate themselves that things went as well as they did. Herr Dessoir was rather a chilly Faust, but then we must recollect that he had been wrenched out of his proper situation, taking what is really an indifferent part in lieu of a good one. The most favourable impression of the evening was made by Fraulein Fuhr, who spoke the prologue on Monday and Wednesday, made her *début* as an actress in the part of Gretchen; this she played with a genuine *naïveté* and a simplicity of pathos which told exceedingly well amid much that was unsatisfactory, and there is good reason to believe that she will become a favourite with the public.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *final* concert of the season took place last night in presence of a densely crowded audience. The first part of the programme was principally dedicated to the works of the illustrious Spohr, who conducted. Of the performance we shall speak in detail next week. At present we shall content ourselves with observing that a symphony, and quartett with orchestra of the great German, were both received with the utmost fervour, and that the conductor was honoured with the heartiest cheers throughout. A symphony of Beethoven's was also a feature of the second part; but the chief interest, perhaps, centered in a grand duo, by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, for two pianos, by Mdlle. Clauss and Miss Arabella Goddard. Of each and all we shall have to say much next week.

GRAND CONCERT AT GLOUCESTER HOUSE.

HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester gave a concert, on June 30th, to their Majesties the King and Queen of Hanover, which was honoured with the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Serene Highness the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe; His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, nearly the whole of the *corps diplomatique*, and upwards of two hundred of the nobility. The *artistes* were Made. Viardot, Made. Castellan, Mdle. Bosio, Signor Gardoni, &c., and the members of the English Glee and Madrigal union, Mr. Francis, Mr. Locket, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, who had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the august assemblage several of their choicest glees and madrigals.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The programme of the fourth and last concert of the present season, which took place on Saturday in the Hanover-square Rooms, was exactly in accordance with the original design of these public entertainments. It was *de facto* a programme "for the exhibition of the students," the compositions of students and ex-students occupying a large place in the selection. The audience was one of the most crowded ever witnessed at a concert of the Royal Academy of Music—a sign of the interest attached to the performance. Among the MS. works were a very clever overture, entitled the *Student's Dream*, by Mr. Brinley Richards; a chorus, by Miss Charlotte Rowe; a song, with clarinet *obligato*, by Miss Ann Baird Spratt; a trio and chorus, of remarkable merit, by Mr. W. Lovell Phillips; an overture, by Mr. Cusins; a song, by Mr. R. Thomase; a part-song, by Mr. B. Gilbert; a song by Miss Jane Finch; and an overture, by Mr. O'Leary. Setting aside the matured efforts of Messrs. Brinley Richards and Lovell Phillips, formerly students, now professors, and the overture of Mr. Cusins, which we have already had occasion to praise elsewhere, the works produced by the actual pupils of the institution gave evidence both of activity and progress. Mr. B. Gilbert seems to have a special talent for the composition of "part-songs." The present one, a favourable specimen of his style, well deserved the *encore* it obtained.

The solo instrumental performances were no less promising. Mr. Cheshire, on the harp, in two movements from a well written concerto of the late Parish Alvars; Miss Fox, in the first movement of one by Hummel; and Mr. M. Clementi in a violin concertino of Kalliwoda, were all, the last especially, entitled to praise. Mr. Arthur O'Leary deserves a line apart for his performance on the pianoforte of the first movement of a concerto by Sebastian Bach, in which he introduced a *cadenza* no less spirited than ingenious. The singers—Misses Jackson, Murie, Bertha Street, Freeman, Amy Dolby, Buckland, and Hughes, Messrs. Blake and Bolton—must be credited rather for the pains they took generally than for the excellence they displayed individually. Mr. Lucas conducted the orchestra, and M. Sainton was principal violin, as usual. It is to be hoped that the system lately pursued in the organization of these concerts may be maintained. The patrons and supporters of the Royal Academy cannot but be interested in watching the progress of the students; and no other means are so well calculated to furnish the requisite information as the public exhibition of their talents, both as composers and performers. Conducted upon this principle, the concerts are likely to be a source both of honour and profit to the institution. While the pupils are stimulated to increased exertion, their parents and friends will be convinced of the benefits derived from the plan of education adopted by those in authority.

REUNION DES ARTS.

Retrospects are seldom wholly satisfactory. Whether it be the belle after the pleasures of a season, the ministry at the close of a session, or, more trying than all, a committee-rendering up an account of its exertions to a usually ungrateful society, all are pretty sure to find many promises unfulfilled, and hopes disappointed. It is therefore the more agreeable to find an exception. The *Réunion des Arts* gave its closing concert on Wednesday evening, and few who have attended the series but must feel that they fully accomplished their intended objects. This last maintained the purpose for which they have been all undertaken. It introduced some new artists, and gave further opportunity of hearing others of now established name. A new contralto, Mdle. Weinthal, displayed a fine and powerful voice, with marks of careful and excellent training; and a new soprano, Madame Caradori, said to be just arrived from the sunny east, proved herself no mean addition to our concert singers. Both ladies, however, might easily have chosen less hackneyed pieces. Of Signor Bazzini, we have already spoken at length, and further acquaintance does not lessen our admiration of his pure and artistic playing. In Beethoven's sonata, in F minor, he was heard to great advantage, Mdle. Staudach performing the pianoforte part with her usual clearness and efficiency. We pass by the names of Miss Fitzwilliam and Pischek, simply because they are too familiar to need comment, however useful in making an agreeable concert.

Thus closed the series of six concerts, which the Society had proposed to give, and perhaps we cannot more strikingly illustrate the variety and success accomplished by its exertions, than by placing a mere catalogue of the different artists who have assisted during the past season. A glance over it will show the names of many that here made their first essay before a London audience, of many that have since acquired a rapid celebrity or are steadily advancing to success, and of not a few, who, being but visitors in London for a few days, have been prevailed on by their friends to here display their powers, in a social and unostentatious manner:—

Pianistes—Mdle. Staudach, Clauss, Coulon, Madame Sievers, MM. Blumenthal, Silas, Napoleon, Werner, Kiallmark, Gollmick, Shachner; trombone—Nabich; contra-basso—Bottesini; flautist—Reichert; concertina—Case; harp—Wright, Oberthür; violins—Bazzini, Mdle. Bärnoff, Holmes, Goffrie, Witt, Herrnen, Jansa; violoncellos—Reed, Jacquard, Hausmann, Romberg; vocalists—Doria, Fitzwilliam, Birch, E. Birch, Agnes Bury, Jenny Baur, Taccani Tasca, Fanny Lablache, Herrmann, Weinthal, Ferrari, Mrs. Macdonnell, Miss L. Baxter; Reichart, F. Lablache, Kumpel, Jules Lefort, Hugo, Ferrari, Hölzel, Guglielmi, Pischek.

But that for which we have already most commended the efforts of this society is, that they seek to advance music, by not confining themselves to that one art. Their *soirées* have been quite as useful and agreeable as their concerts. Conversation and friendly intercourse, softened by the influences of surrounding objects of art, cultivate the sentiments with which all art should be approached. The critic and the singer, the audience and the artist, executants familiar to the public, but often little known to each other, meet on neutral ground, free from the preoccupation that mars the ease of those who are awaiting their turn for performance; and in such mutual acquaintance, from such an interchange of ideas among those who view the same subjects from precisely opposite points, mutual prejudices are softened, and sounder views acquired. It is also fitting that there should be some place where men of genius in the arts, arriving for a short time to visit London, should

have every facility for rapidly making acquaintance with those who here appreciate their talents, and are familiar with their name. It is pleasant, too, to jostle in the crowd, against members of the aristocracy of talent, and stumble unexpectedly on some European celebrity.

Whilst thus unreservedly praising the *principle*, we would not have the society fancy that their end has been finally attained, and that they may now repose upon their laurels. The attempt is but in its commencement, with great success no doubt, but not the less needing continued exertions. Those who undertake the direction of a new idea, must set to work with energy to accomplish it. The duties of a director do not end with having his name printed in a prospectus; the same activity of co-operation they seem already to have shown must not be suffered to flag. They have made their institution attractive and prosperous; their concerts, their literary lectures, their conversations, the conveniences of their *quasi* Club, have together given them a firm foundation in public favour. It now becomes their duty to make a right use of these advantages, and direct them to the true advance of the several arts, which are represented amongst their members, and which are sought to be harmoniously united in their institution.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The annual visit of Her Majesty the Queen took place on Monday night, at an extra concert, to which the subscribers were admitted for a consideration, and strangers at the usual price. The room was by no means full—which may be accounted for by the fact that a great part of the programme was merely a repetition of what had already been given at the seventh concert of the regular series, when the Queen was prevented from attending by unexpected circumstances. The selection commanded by Her Majesty was, nevertheless, admirable, as may be seen from the following:—

PART I.

Notturmo, March, and Final Chorus	{ A Midsummer Night's Dream. }	Mendelssohn.
Overture, Scherzo Song, with Chorus		
Aria, "Return, O God of Hosts" (Samson)	Handel.
Duetto, "Questa volta" (Don Carlos)	Costa.
Overture, "Egmont"	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Romance (Joseph)	Mehul.
Terzetto (Idomeneo)	Mozart.
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Her Majesty arrived, with her accustomed punctuality, at eight o'clock, and the band played the national anthem as the royal party entered the room, amid the loyal demonstrations of the audience. The pieces from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were exactly the same as at the concert to which we have alluded—the interlude, in A minor, of Hermione and Lysander being omitted, according to the accepted custom of the Philharmonic, although it is undoubtedly one of the most genuine inspirations of Mendelssohn. The comic march of Bottom and his associates was also passed over, to the detriment of the whole. The execution generally, both of band and chorus, was good; and the solo singers—Madame Viardot and Madame Castellán (once more a substitute for Miss Lousia Pyne, still indisposed)—left no point open to criticism. The two part song (with chorus), "Ye spotted snakes," could hardly have been better sung than by these talented ladies. There were no encores; and there was very little applause, the presence of

Royalty, and the exceptional audience invited to the Hanover-square Rooms by that august attraction, acting as checks to the ordinary manifestations of satisfaction. The solemn air from *Samson* was impressively sung by Madame Viardot; but it could not have been placed at greater disadvantage than immediately after the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. The contrast was too violent; and it was not surprising that little effect should be produced. The duet from Signor Costa's opera (brought out about nine years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre) was admirably executed by Madame Castellán and Signor Gardoni. This was also a repetition from the seventh concert. The glorious overture to *Egmont*, played with remarkable energy, made an effective conclusion to the first part.

As far as mere execution went, the magnificent seventh symphony of Beethoven—a special favourite of the composer, and one of the grandest monuments of his genius—left nothing to be desired. In respect to the gradations of force, however, and the other *nuances* of expression, there was more to be wished for. There was scarcely a "piano" from beginning to end, which, in a composition so lengthy and elaborate, was found to be a serious deficiency. The scherzo and finale, however, were played with such mechanical perfection, that it would have been hypercritical to seek for blemishes. It was chiefly in the allegretto in A minor, and again most especially at the commencement of the fugato, that the want of a real "piano" was felt. The popular romance from *Joseph*, "A peine au sortir de l'enfance" (the only piece from Mehul's most lasting opera that has occupied a permanent place in the concert-room), was sung by Signor Gardoni with the simplicity of style best calculated to produce the effect intended by the composer. Mozart's lovely terzetto ("Pria di partir, O Dio"), carefully given by Madame Castellán, Madame Viardot, and Signor Gardoni, made us long to hear something more from the same opera. Although among the earliest, *Idomeneo* is one of the most beautiful of Mozart's dramatic works; and if, with existing notions of what dramatic music ought to be, it would stand no great chance of success on the Italian stage, it at least contains abundant materials, of which, in the actual dearth of novelty, our great concert societies might beneficially avail themselves. The splendid overture to *Euryanthe*, performed "con fuoco," brought the concert and the season (one of unusual novelty and interest) to a close with appropriate *éclat*.

Her Majesty remained until the end of the concert, and on leaving the room, was greeted with the same marks of sympathy which accompanied her entry.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, NEAR ABINGDON.

(From a Correspondent.)

This admirable institution, a preparatory school for the University, is remarkable for the importance given to music in the regular routine of its arrangements, the practice of the art forming an essential feature in the course of study. All the festivals of the college are celebrated in the performance of a concert by the students, of one of which, the commemoration of the annual "Gaudy," on St. Peter's day, the 29th of June, the programme lies before us. We learn from this that the branch of education in which we are especially interested has been carried to a very great degree of advancement, since the performance comprised pieces of the highest musical character and the greatest practical difficulty. In the first part were two choruses from *Acis and Galatea*, a part song of Mendelssohn, a glee of Bishop, and a sonata of Beet-

hoben. The second part consisted of Macfarren's *Lenora*, of the merits of which it is not here to speak, and of the difficulties it needs to refer only to the performances of the Harmonic Union and the Royal Academy of Music for proof. How far such an exercise of the intelligence is more likely to refine the morals, to enlighten the mind, and to stimulate the imagination of the young collegians than the representation of the comedies of Terence, so much less remarkable for their wit than their immorality, that distinguishes the holiday celebrations of other public seminaries, we may safely leave to the candid consideration of our intellectual readers; and we need scarcely expend more words to prove that such means, the implanting associations of pleasure and ideas of beauty connected with music in the life-long memory of such occasions among that class of society whose influence and whose example are universally felt and respected, that such means are the surest of any to extend the knowledge of our art, and the esteem of its votaries, and thus to raise the intellectual character of our country. Whatever commendation may be due to the administration of the college, without whose authority no individual efforts could prevail, particular praise must be awarded to the Precentor, Mr. G. O. Monk, of whose excellent instruction this high state of musical cultivation is the result. Our best will is with St. Peter's; and we have the sincerest pleasure in making known the good work that is there in such admirable progress; such a system cannot but prosper equally in its operation and its consequences.

Original Correspondence.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I was greatly flattered by the receipt of the last *Musical World*, with your editorial compliments, doubtless written by you in autograph, but I am still more gratified to find that my observations on Amateurs in general, and on those of Dublin in particular, have been favoured with a distinguished place in your columns. I at once accept the publication of my first letter as a proof that you do not disapprove of my views—that it would be well if the amateurs of different localities acquired a knowledge of what progress they were making, by occasional communications to your journal from their different localities; and that it is no breach of the privileges of the *dilettanti* to point out peculiar merits, or mark any novel ideas, whose imitation elsewhere would tend to advance the art.

I should not wish to establish a systematic criticism on amateurs such as already exists legitimately towards artists. It would not be right to contrast the one with the other, or to test them by the same stern rules, but it is a very different thing to mention names, already on the lips of hundreds, incidentally to remarks on the art of Music, and thus encourage laudable efforts, as well as utilise the example, by making them more widely known.

It was in this spirit that I drew your attention to the peculiarities of our Dublin music. In public, the taste for chorus and *ensemble* finds ample vent in the numerous societies for part-singing, and the selection is principally taken from the old standard masters, and from those who are there (to my judgment) somewhat vaguely styled "classical" authors. Indeed, the majority of the audience is led by the magic of this word, and yield themselves up to be duly bored with appropriate resignation if only they can be persuaded that a piece—though very long, very dull, and very badly performed—be strictly and correctly "classical." However the selections are very creditable in the main, despite the tyranny exercised by this mysterious word; and in private society they make ample amends by inserting in their programmes, the latest extravagances of modern exaggeration, between the sacred names of the most orthodox antiques. Perhaps no one thing has so much tended to assist in the organization of concerted pieces, and in reducing into order and harmony, the masses of unruly amateurs, as the charming series of *réunions*

given by Mrs. Tennant. These are attended once a week for several months in succession by the *élite* of the *beau monde*; and by all who have either skill or taste in the musical art. Mr. W. Tennant is himself a tenor of no mean pretensions, possessing a sweet voice and considerable taste and training, with sufficient skill to make available to the requisite height an excellent falsetto. His brother is a composer of no common promise, and uses effectively a baritone voice, without the besetting faults that so generally mar such voices in amateurs, and in artists too. Here there are not usually many solos. The German "Orpheus" quartets, unaccompanied, are made a striking feature, and a sound old English glee alternates with a chorus of Verdi, or quatuor of Donizetti, whilst there is no lack of pianists of a very superior class; amongst such names as Mrs. W. Griffith, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Mecke, and Miss Walker. But opera is, after all, that which most surely attracts; and from time to time, there are efforts made to get up one amongst the amateurs. These projects invariably come to nought, and the enthusiastic projectors are forced to content themselves with ingenious substitutes. A puppet theatre is one of the favourite devices. Ladies may thus sing every line of an opera with meaning and effect, and may get the puppets to do for them the only part they would not wish to do themselves—to strut and fret upon the mimic stage. This is an old conceit here, but has not been successfully revived till recently. A near approach to it was accomplished last year, when Mrs. F. Brady produced the complete music of an act of the *Puritani* and *Sonnambula*, with recitations and choruses, but without any attempt at dramatic representation. We then had Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell, whose absence from us has left a great and much regretted blank. Mrs. Macdonnell was plainly and unmistakeably our *prima donna*, and I should dwell upon our high estimate of her talents, were it not that I find in your last *Musical World*, two separate criticisms on her singing as an artist in London, from which I conjecture that they are beginning already to discover her there, and to give her the applause she has long since won here. It seems to us almost incredible that one so lately in such a position amongst ourselves, known to all as a lady and an amateur, should have been driven by reverses of fortune to test her powers as an artiste, but it does not seem to us strange that her success should be rapid in the art she so highly cultivated. The change is unusual, the story almost a romance, but the circumstances make it a noble effort, and insure her the widest sympathy.

But Dublin is not to have its operas stopped, because one *prima donna* has departed. Another is soon found elsewhere, and Mrs. Edward Geale's versatile talents are not to be daunted by such difficulties. Mrs. Bennett is tempted to come up from Cork, and bring with her her splendid soprano voice. The *impresario* is no longer at fault, and the company is at once "cast." The theatre is built with wondrous rapidity; it certainly is not as large as Covent Garden, seeing that it fits in the opening of a folding-door, nor is the *mise en scene*—though got up "regardless of expense"—on exactly the same vast scale. The actors are some fifteen inches high, and are painted to imitate the famous original—and yet unequalled—cast of the *Puritani*; and, as the puppets lie helplessly behind the scenes, they look like miniature, mesmerised bodies of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. The very dresses imitate each peculiarity, and the original scenery is revived. Their movement by newly practised hands was, then, great danger. In a tragic crisis, in a moment of intense dramatic anguish, how terribly annihilating to all pathos, would be a wrong movement; what a caricature a single gesture could make! Only conceive the loving Elvira, if her string be jerked too hard, and instead of giving her loving hand to Arturo, in the "Ah te o cara," to she were, with an angular motion to deal him a convulsive cuff on the ears; or if Giorgio were, by any negligence, to droop spasmodically into an impossible position, while he mourns over Elvira's madness, what audience could resist? Happily, no such terrible catastrophe befel. They tossed their tiny arms in wild despair at the right moments, glanced out of their rigid eyes in the right direction, at the right time, and walked and sat as they should sit and walk; what more could puppets terrestrial be wished to do?

One word as to the music, of which the fantoccini were destined

to be the visible symbols. The musicians were, of course, unseen, but a programme enlightened the uninitiated. Mrs. Bennett produced a powerful effect throughout by her splendid voice in the music of Elvira. Her extraordinary *aplomb* and enthusiastic fervour were well suited to a part so full of feeling and dramatic passion. Mrs. Geale was the Arturo, and as you will be surprised at a lady's undertaking such a rôle, I must shortly describe to you how it was accomplished. Her voice was probably originally a contralto, but practice has so developed the tone and power of the lower notes *de poitrine*, that they exactly resemble those of the highest and purest tenors, while the upper register as exactly imitates their falsetto. She has not therefore to alter the tenor parts, or take them in octaves, but sings them *in loco*, and the illusion is most perfect. Both voice and style are framed on the model of Rubini; there is the same thrilling impassioned feeling and touching *vibrato*, the power could not be expected, but it is amply sufficient, and the purity of the tone—far more telling than mere loudness—enables it to be heard amid the din of the most powerful voices. Altogether, I should say it is quite *unique*. The duet with Elvira, and the finale, were exquisitely given. The part of Giorgio cannot be passed in silence. Mr. Stanford's *basso profundo* is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom. With the massiveness of Formes' organ, it has a musical tone peculiar to itself; and, had destiny made him an artist, the theatre and concert room would soon have given him a power equal to that of any public singer. Add to this a faultless ear, and careful execution, and you have the Giorgio. Ricardo was well filled by Mr. Farrell's highly cultivated and pure Italian singing. The chorus and accompaniments were, of course, on a small scale, but correct and sufficient.

Ere I close, I must warn you not to conceive that amateur music here is all *coulour de rose*, like what I have described. Here, as elsewhere in every city in Europe, crowds meet in close drawing-rooms by way of listening to very bad performance, but really to flirt and talk; here, too, the ignorant applaud the execrable, because it is fashionable or cried up, or pass by unnoticed the good that has not these recommendations. Elderly dowagers sit fatly upon soft ottomans, and, whilst they hotly fan themselves, pronounce absurd judgments on what they do not care about or understand; and music is oftentimes made the attraction of tea-parties, not for the enjoyment of itself, but because it affords a means of attracting fashionables, who, when they come, do not listen to it. But all these things are inseparable from society everywhere, its vanities and defects, and, in the main, a greater attention, a more genuine love for the art, and a truer appreciation of its beauties, are the prevailing characteristics.

More there is yet to be said, but I must apologise for having said so much.

Your diligent reader,

A COSMOPOLITAN AMATEUR.

ORGANIST COMMITTEES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a letter in your number of the 4th of June last, signed "An Advocate for Justice," in which the writer says, that if anything like justice had been done, one of the three candidates selected by the umpire appointed to make the selection, out of which an organist for the chapel of ease in this parish should be elected, would have been chosen by the committee; but no, a "favourite" gets introduced by the committee; but as this candidate, a lady, was not returned by the umpire, they strike out the best player of the three, introduce the lady alluded to, and she is elected, as a matter of course, by a large majority, if not unanimously.

I beg to state, that I was present at all the meetings of the committee, and that the whole of this statement, by "An Advocate for Justice," is untrue.

The lady alluded to was one of the three candidates returned by the umpire, and therefore became eligible to be proposed in vestry for election. The rate-payers afterwards elected the lady in question in vestry. She was not elected by the committee.

§ I hope in future "An Advocate for Justice" will make truth the basis for his advocacy.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JNO. LAYTON, Vestry Clerk.

Vestry Clerk's Office, Islington, July 7, 1853.

Reviews of Music.

THE ZULU-KAFFIR POLKA.—Composed by F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. J. Mitchell.

WE had imagined that the nomenclature of polkas was exhausted, and, indeed, considered it utterly impossible that human ingenuity could suggest any title for this popular species of dance-music, which had not already been worn threadbare. However, here we have a new polka, with a name so eccentrically original, and as far removed from any that has hitherto appeared as Kaffir land is from the musical metropolis, in which this new offering to Terpsichore has been composed. Considered in a musical light, the Zulu-Kaffir Polka claims honourable mention in favour of the graceful and spirited movement with which it commences, as well as for the ingenious manner in which Mr. F. Osborne Williams has contrived to introduce, into the third part, the war-cry of the picturesque savages, whose performance at the St. George's Gallery suggested to him the Polka in question, which may be pronounced one of the most *dansant* and pleasing that the present season has brought forth.

"THE LAUNCH OF THE ST. JEAN D'ARC."—Ballad.—Composed by C. BODNAR. G. E. Croydon, Teignmouth; Addison & Co., London.

A spirited song, in the "Death of Nelson" school. The words by "Caroline" are characteristic, and the melody effective, although a little strained. The accompaniment is not always strictly correct; but it is in good keeping, and if well played, must be brilliant. The song is dedicated (by the publisher) appropriately enough, to Miss Ommanney. Sims Reeves would be the lad to sing it.

"FLOWER OF DEVON."—Quadrille, for the pianoforte. Composed by C. BODNAR. G. E. Croydon, Teignmouth; Addison & Co., London.

These quadrilles are to be chiefly admired for their vigour. Mr. Bodnar has evidently a good ear for rhythm, and his tunes are especially dance-tunes—which, in a set of quadrilles, is precisely the thing desirable. In his harmony the composer exhibits care and taste; and the few inaccuracies they betray might easily be corrected. The "Flower of Devon" quadrilles are dedicated (by the publisher) to Lady Buller Yarde Buller, and have a very good chance of popularity.

"PROMENADE SUR MER."—barcarole brillante—(Lonsdale.)

"LA SEMILLANTE." Grande valse brillante—for the pianoforte (Schott.) Composed by JACQUES HERZ.

M. Jacques Herz has much of the elegance and brilliant character of his famous brother, Henri, in his compositions for the pianoforte. Of this the two pieces before us offer strong evidence. The *Promenade Sur Mer* is a *morecam* which calls for powers of execution beyond the ordinary. The continuous *arpeggio* for the left hand which supports the first theme (graceful though simple and unaffected), must be carefully practised. The result will repay the pains bestowed upon it. The episode in A flat, which is expressive and elaborately harmonised, requires a thorough command of the *legato* style, and must be played with feeling and abandon. The piece is interesting from beginning to end, and its lengthiness is lost sight of in its musical merits.

"La Semillante" in no way disgraces its title. It is both *semillante* and *petillante*—in short one of the best written and most effective *grandes valse de salon*, that we have lately seen. It is less difficult than its companion the *barcarole*, but not easy for all that—intelligence no less than manual dexterity been demanded of the performer. The key of the *valse* is E flat; and there are two graceful episodes in A flat and B. We recommend both pieces.

"VILLAGE BELLS,"—"THE GATHERED LILY,"—"THE WATERFALL,"—"THE ECHO MELODY,"—Do., as a duet—for the pianoforte. Composed by William Hutchins Callcott.—Leader and Cock.

A very pretty and available set of divertimentos by a composer of deserved popularity. Mr. Callcott writes school-pieces, and drawing-room pieces, with eminent success; and these are among the prettiest and the best we have seen from his pen. The young ladies will be enchanted with them, while the majority of professors, who find it to their purpose to teach light and graceful music without pretension, and devoid of executive difficulties, will find them just the sort of thing they require. "Village Bells" has been often rung on the keys of the piano, but seldom to a chime more lively than that by Mr. Callcott. Lilies have been often gathered; but the "Gathered Lily" of Mr. Callcott was more worth the pains than many of its precursors. As for waterfalls, there have been so many that, until we saw the "Waterfall" of Mr. Callcott, we did not credit the possibility of making another. To say anything about foregone echoes would be superfluous; it is enough to say that the "Echo Melody" of Mr. Callcott does no discredit to the nymph that lives unseen in her airy shell, of which Milton prates so prettily about in *Comus*. The "Echo Melody" is as effective for four hands as it is for two—and, like "Village Bells," (inscribed to Lady Maria Howard), "The Gathered Lily," "Memory," and the "Waterfall," (to Miss Poynder), stands a fair chance of being heard in nine out of ten of our aristocratic saloons.

THOMAS BAKER'S MODERN PIANOFORTE TUTOR.—Part I.—Thomas Baker. Jullien & Co.

This is a new and revised edition of an elementary work, which has for some time received considerable support from the general public. Mr. Baker, from his long experience, no less than his abilities, is admirably fitted for bringing out such a book of instruction, and in the "Modern Tutor," we see every requisite in rudimentary teaching treated with the hand of a master. The author, in a greater measure, perhaps, than any of his predecessors who have written works for the school, has considered the student in his inadequate state, and has made greater allowance for the beginner. Nothing could have been selected with more propriety than the earlier tasks allotted the pupil; and the examples, commencing with the easiest essays for brain and finger, and gradually proceeding through a progressive series of studies, are highly creditable to Mr. Baker's skill and judgment. The preliminary remarks on the position at the piano, the touch, the hand, &c., &c., are excellent, and rendered clear by simple words. We have no hesitation in recommending Part I of Mr. Thomas Baker's Modern Tutor as a work entitled to serious consideration by teachers and learners.

THE TWO CASTS OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

	Paris, 1838.	London, 1853.
Benvenuto Cellini.....	M. Duprez.....	Sig. Tamberlik
Giacomo Balducci...	M. Derevis	Sig. Zelger
Fieramosco	M. Massol	Sig. Tagliacico
Cardinale Salviati ...	M. Serda	Herr Formes
Theresa	Mad. Dorus Gras ..	Madlle. Jullienne
Ascanio	Madlle. Stolz	Madlle. Didiee

MESSRS. CUNNINGHAM AND MACFARLANE have been giving their "Budget" several evenings during the week at Willis's Rooms with great éclat.

HECTOR BERLIOZ leaves London this day for Paris.

M. BRANDUS, the head of the great music publishing firm of Brandus and Co., Paris, has been in London during the week.

SVENOR.—The accident this eminent violinist lately met with (breaking his right arm) will, we hear, prevent his playing for some months to come.

ON THE STYLE OF MUSIC USED BY THE PERSIANS.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

THE PERSIANS deem music a science, but do not appear to have made much progress in it. The voice is accompanied by a variety of instruments; their strains are often pleasing, but are always monotonous, and want that variety of expression which gives a charm to the art. Music forms a part of the nuptial ceremonies of the Persians. Sir R. K. Porter tells us, "that the lady" on the morning of the wedding-day, "is led to her future apartments, accompanied by her female relations and waiting maids. Her friends of the opposite sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feasting commences, with the drums and other musical instruments still playing the most conspicuous part." Kotzebue, in his narrative of the Russian embassy to Persia, says that when the Ambassador arrived at Erivan, the troops presented arms, the drums beat, and the fifes played the English national air of "God save the King." Subsequently noticing an entertainment of dancing, with which the ambassador and his suite were entertained, he says, "their music consisted of a guitar, a sort of violin of three strings, two tamarines, and a singer. The latter, with frightful grimaces, strained his throat, apparently in strong convulsions. The musicians did not play out of tune; but still the effect of the whole sounded not unlike a concert of cats. Three handsome boys had small metal castinets, which they struck in time with the dance." From which it appears they have attained no very great degree of excellence, and the want of variety in expression is sufficiently indicative of its mediocrity. We shall now proceed to inquire how far the modern Persians are found to cultivate the art of music; but, whatever difficulties they had formerly to encounter from barbarous customs, there are now equally destructive enemies, ready at the present day to prevent the progress of any art or science. Under a despotic government, the arts have never permanently flourished, and it requires the stimulus of a well-organized and polished state of society before music can be said to obtain its proper station among mankind. An abstract of the state of society in Persia may serve to show how inert and feeble must be the situation of every art and science among them. That *amor patriæ*, and that desire of fame which lead to every noble exertion, are unknown in Persia; there freedom of thought and independency of action are held in complete subjection; and the only means of rising to wealth and dignity is by the most servile submission. In a country where virtue has been banished from public and private life, where even its semblance is not required, and where the softer feelings are unknown, few can be the noble actions which deserve to be recorded in the pages of the historian, and few the themes which can inspire the strains of the poet. From this degraded state of society, much cannot be expected from their skill in the art of music, which, perhaps, above all others, requires warm encouragement, and great facilities, to its professors. That the harp was once a favourite instrument among the ladies of the Shah, is ascertained from a poem, entitled the "Mirah-i-Iskhandir," of Amir Khosrou, a Persian poet, who flourished about the year 1315,—

"The harp's soft notes to heaven ascended,

And from the flagon flowed the ruby wave;

The lute's soft tones, angels from heaven attracted,

The organ and the dulcimer, with gentle notes, a soothing charm diffused."

And that we may imagine those performers, whose province it was to teach this instrument, were eminently skilful, it is added,—

"Such were the sounds which from the instruments they drew,
Sighs that from Venus and the moon arose."

At the time when the Persian females were allowed the pleasures of the royal chase, and were neither shut up from public society, nor necessarily veiled in the presence of men, it appears that they then cultivated music more readily when it could give an additional charm to their other fascinations; but the moment they were shut up, or caged in the harem, the spring of action in the mind gave way, as they were then conscious the accomplishment of music could procure for them no further benefit, or amelioration of their luxurious captivity.

OPERATIC AIRS.

(From the New York Daily Times.)

We can understand the domination of intellect over the world. We can even offer some excuse for a great genius being a great tyrant, and silently permit the lords of minds to be lords over matter; but that the fortunate and chance possessor of some merely physical attribute in a high degree of perfection shall be entitled to exercise, unchecked, the fancies of a despot, and impudently brave public opinion, is a degradation to which, as reasonable beings, we cannot tamely submit. We can comprehend how men of extraordinary stature and strength, like the Emperor Maximilian and Richard the First of England, obtained an influence over their soldiery which their mental qualifications would perhaps never have brought within their grasp. With men devoted to pursuits in which muscular rather than mental power commands success, we shall always find the nobility of strength recognised and potential. But in the present age, when the Athlete has receded before the Scholar, and the Pen has usurped the place of the Sword as an agent of conquest, it would be natural to suppose that the reign of merely physical qualities was at end. It is not so, however. Portions of civilized mankind still remain materialists in their Hero worship, and the Singer and the Dancer insult them, mock them, trample on them, or set them wild with enthusiasm as the mood seizes them.

A great singer in the present day is a fortunate person. He can do precisely what he likes. Get largely paid beforehand for services which he has it in his power to render or not as he chooses. Treat everybody from his manager down to his audience with insufferable impertinence. Have a new whim every hour in the day, and a fresh cold every time that his presence is required by the public. Sow sedition in the establishment with which he is connected, and make fools of two or three thousand respectable people half an hour before the raising of the curtain with a "sudden indisposition"—and after having been by turns impertinent, dishonest, and tyrannical, he has only to exert himself a little more than usual on his next appearance to have everything forgiven, and to retire more popular, more beloved, and more overbearing than ever.

A good voice is a mere mechanical perfection. A certain formation of the larynx causes the compressed air, in its exit through the passage, to produce a purer or shriller sound in some persons than others. This is the *rationale* of the superiority of the great singer to the rest of the world. Occasionally, as in the case of Grisi, Schroeder Devrient, Duprez, and Lablache, we find this fine vocal power united with great dramatic power. Such a rare combination is entitled to our highest respect; but, of both these qualities, the only one we can possibly recognise as intellectual is the dramatic talent. Now in this, the majority of celebrated vocalists are almost entirely deficient, and are merely actors so far as skilful training and an adherence to stereotyped rules of action can make them. The vocalist, then, as a singer, has no claim on our intellectual homage. He gratifies a certain sense—that of hearing—but all the mental ecstasy which the harmonies he delivers excite in us, are not the result of his genius, but of the composer, who is the true sovereign of music. The vocalist is merely an exquisitely constructed medium through which the genius of the author is delivered, and has no possible claim to rank with the creator. Nevertheless, singers obtain sums of money for their professional services which composers are not much accustomed to. It would take a composer probably a year to compose a grand opera, for which he might receive some ten thousand dollars, while Grisi and Mario can for a season of sixty-three nights command the enormous sum of 150,000 dollars. Then, when do we hear of a great author or composer playing the pranks of singers. If Donizetti engaged to write an opera, he wrote it, and did not first pocket his pay and then leave his task unfulfilled. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is in the habit of being paid in advance for his plays, and some of his novels. He does not on that account suddenly break off the *Caxtons* in the middle, and declare that unless Messrs. Blackwood raise the salaries of all their contributors he will not write another line. Genius never plays such pranks as these, and we do not see why

any individual whose only perfection is a pleasing voice, shall be permitted to break his contracts with the public and laugh at the beards of managers. It is time that the singer should find his proper level. He is at present paid too much, petted too much, and praised too much, when in reality his claims to this adoration are of a very inferior and material order. The enormous salaries which managers are forced, under a false system, to give operatic stars, preclude in almost every instance any pecuniary success to the managers themselves; and the public, by lavishing on this self-willed race injudicious and undeserved adulation, encourage them in those very whims which so frequently lead to disappointment and temporary ill-feeling.

A reform of these matters should be undertaken, and this is the country best fitted for the task. Europe is too conservative in such things to hope for any movement there. Singers and dancers have snubbed and conquered the public there from time immemorial, and on the faith of this antique license, they will go on allowing themselves to be snubbed and conquered by every new celebrity. We have no such traditions to look back to; and though individual liberty is one of our great principles, still it is opposed to our view, to find the individual doing what he likes at the expense of justice and social convenience. We trust, that with the new prospects now dawning for music in this city, a most wholesome state of affairs will supervene. With less salary, less petting, and less praise, the tenor might soon be reduced to the condition of a rational being.

Poetry.

TO LEILA.

Oh, who would not be Leila!
With her eyes, now broad and grand,
Now drooping, as the day dies
In her languid, loving land,
Fair Leila who sets hearts astray,
From Stamboul to the Strand!

Oh, who would not be Leila!
With her love, her genius bright,
Her wit, her wild caprices,
Her songs, her laughter light;
And those soft looks that make me
Sigh away this summer night!

Oh, who would not be Leila!
On whose brow my jealous eye
The shadow of a diadem
Can circle—as I sigh;—
That brow so doubly diademed,
In its own majesty!

Yet, I would not be Leila,
With her dainty airs—her grace,
Her eyes, that waste in looks of love
The fire of her old race—
Lest, like the Grecian youth, I smiled
Too fondly on my face!

To die—a gazer in the glass,
Nor other eyes to bless,
While flowers at their own fragrance
And hues, can only guess.
And stars are far too high to know
Their own grand loveliness!

Yes, I would not be Leila,
Though Heaven's own stars combine,
With all we dream and die of,
In those wild eyes to shine;
No, rather let me, trembling, hope,
That Leila may be mine!

SIDNEY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Miscellaneous.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—This young pianist was complimented by a full attendance at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, on Tuesday. The vocalists were Miss Jenny Baur and Miss Stabbach. Miss Busby was further aided by Herr Molique, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper as conductor. Pianists are divided into two classes—those who think that the music is made for their fingers (your digitalists and show players) and those who think that their fingers are made for the music. These are your classical players, to which class Miss Emma Busby belongs. The pianoforte pieces were Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (major) Opera 49, Melodies, for violin and pianoforte, and Studies (Mendelssohn and Chopin). From this list the reader will judge that the fair executant has a nimble finger as well as a classical taste. Her best effort in the trio was the famous Scherzo, which she played with the full amount of precision and brilliancy that it requires. The choice of Beethoven's Sonata was less fortunate, for it is not one of the writer's happiest inspirations, although the minuet and trio are charming, and the last movement is full of salient points. The Studies were given with a mental as well as a digital power that induced us to modify an opinion that the young artist had yet to acquire that perfect delicacy and finish without which the *ne plus ultra* of executive art of no kind can be reached. But the fair Emma is yet very young, and study and reflection will soon rid her of any defects of this kind that she may yet retain; of the two vocalists, Miss Jenny Baur is a youthful aspirant of much ambition and some promise. She has a voice of considerable capacity both in quality and compass. Her best song was Mendelssohn's "On the lake." Miss Stabbach is making rapid progress in public esteem. For the reason, you may look in her face as well as listen to her voice. An intelligent forehead, and a pair of expressive eyes will solve the matter, with the aid of an agreeable voice and a pleasing and native style. Miss Stabbach delivered a graceful song of Herr Molique, entitled "Song for Song" being an air for the voice, with an obligato accompaniment for the violin and pianoforte. The instrumental parts were taken by Messrs. Molique and Lindsay Sloper, while the syren did ample justice to the vocal portion. Miss Stabbach also gave *L'addio à Venezia*, a song by Li Calsi, with the same purity and grace, although the composition was hardly so well worthy of her exertions. Signor Piatti's violoncello solo on the favourite "Luce de quest anima" must not be omitted as one of the main features of the selection.

HARP UNION.—The last concert given by the Harp Union took place at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday morning, before a brilliant and crowded audience. The members (Messrs. T. H. Wright, H. J. Trust, and Herr Oberthür) deserve the thanks of both amateurs and professors of the harp for the spirited way in which they have conducted their series of concerts, and for being the means by which attention has been drawn to this elegant instrument. The programme presented on Tuesday was excellent. Oberthür's Trio, for harp, violin, and violoncello, which opened the concert, was the same that was played last year at Herr Oberthür's concert, and of which we recorded the merits at the time. It is a brilliant and effective composition. On the present occasion it was played in excellent style by Herren Oberthür, Jansa, and Hildebrand Romberg. The composer did ample justice to the harp part. The brilliant passages for the violin could not be better played than by Herr Jansa; and the beautiful melodies accorded to the violoncello were rendered with the greatest elegance by Herr Romberg. The Nocturne for three harps which followed, composed by Oberthür, is an original composition, full of melody and well harmonized; it was introduced at the first concert of the Harp Union, and was received with great favour. Mr. Trust played the first harp part on the present occasion, and fully sustained his reputation as being one of our best performers; he, as well as his coadjutors, was greatly and deservedly applauded. A grand duet, for harp and piano (by Steibalt?) was played by Mr. G. F. Kiallmark and Mr. T. H. Wright. Although rather long, the excellent way in which it was played elicited general approbation. Romberg performed with much effect a violoncello composition by Kummer, and the piano accompaniment was

played on the harp by Herr Oberthür. Oberthür's grand duet for two harps, on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, produced, as usual, a great effect. It is a very brilliant composition. The subjects chosen from this popular opera are well introduced. The "Chorale"—"Et bonne épée;" and, above all, the beautiful duet, "Tu l'as dit, oui tu m'aime" (rendered so magnificently by Grisi and Mario in the opera) produced quite a sensation; it was played to perfection by the composer and Mr. T. H. Wright, who have had the honour of playing the same piece before her Majesty. Mr. T. H. Wright's Grand March for three harps, which opened the second part of the concert, we have had occasion to speak of as being a highly-effective and characteristic composition; it was played by Mr. Wright, Herr Oberthür, and Mr. Trust, and produced a great effect, as did Oberthür's *National Fantasia* for three harps. At the finale, in which is introduced "God save the Queen," the audience rose with one accord, and at the conclusion applauded vehemently. The programme was interspersed with a variety of vocal pieces. Miss Thirlwall sung exceedingly well Meyerbeer's "Robert toi que j'aime," accompanied on the harp by Mr. Trust. Signor Guglielmi, who has a beautiful voice, an aria, by Mercadante, and Miss Ursula Barclay, Molique's charming little gem, "If o'er the boundless sky," as well as Spohr's "Bird and Maiden" (accompanied to perfection by Mr. Nicholson on the oboe), in a way that showed a very great improvement both in her intonation and style of singing. Messrs. Foster, Land, Montem Smith, and Lawler sung a glee, by Elliott, and a two-part song, by Müller, which pleased greatly. M. Vogel a fantasia on the "viol d'amore." The introduction of this rare instrument was not a bad idea; it did not fail to create great curiosity; and M. Vogel's performance was greatly applauded. Mr. Nicholson played a duet with Mr. Wright, for oboe and harp (originally arranged for flute and harp), entitled "Les Graces," on subjects from *L'Elisir d'amore* in which his beautiful tone and perfect execution were heard to great advantage. Mr. Aguilar conducted the vocal music in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The attendance of the aristocracy at these concerts has been considerable. On the present occasion, in addition to numerous others, which we have no room to name, the Harp Union was honoured by the presence of her Grace the Duchess of Somerset and her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's.

MADAME TACCANI TASCA'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—A fashionable audience attended on Saturday last at the Concert Rooms, 76, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, at this lady's *matinée musicale*. Madame Taccani Tasca was some years back a singer of high repute on the Continent. The songs she selected for the present occasion were the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, and "La Calma," a *barcarole variata*, by Montuoro. She also joined Signor Gardoni in Rossini's duet, "Mira bianca Luna," which was an excellent performance on the part of both artists; and Miss Stabbach, Signori Gardoni and Ciabatta, in the new popular *quatuor* from Verdi's "Rigoletto." Miss Stabbach sang "Addio à Venezia," by Li Calsi, with the utmost grace and facility; a cavatini of Mr. Landa, "The Golden Sun," in which she equally distinguished herself; and a new song by Montuoro. She is fast winning her way to popular favour and musical estimation, and deservedly so, from the beauty and purity of her voice. Signor Gardoni, in a romance, charmed all present. Madame F. Lablache was announced in the programme for a *duo* with her better half, but never made an appearance. Bottesini and Piatti, in a duet from "I Puritani," displayed their great powers to advantage on the violoncello and double bass; while Signor Bazzini, in two fantasias on the violin, achieved more difficulties, and with greater ease, than almost any violinist we ever listened to. MM. Li Calsi, Ganz, and Levy, presided at the pianoforte.—*Globe*.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The attraction to these gardens is greater than ever. Mr. Wardell, the indefatigable proprietor, is ceaseless in his endeavours to procure novelty. On Thursday a "Bal Costume" was given, which, owing to the excellent management at these gardens, was highly attractive. The company enjoyed themselves greatly; the dancing was kept up with spirit; the orchestra was in capital play; and the music selected was the best of the kind.

MISS RAINFORTH gave her Scottish Entertainment, for the first time, at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday, before a very aristocratic audience, who were evidently much delighted with Miss Rainforth's pleasing description of Prince Charles Edward's adventures, as well as with the Jacobite songs, introduced and sung with so much character and spirit by the fair vocalist.

ALEXANDER LYOFF, Director of the Imperial Chapel in St. Petersburg, has been elected honorary member of the Academy of Arts.

JACQUES SCHMITT, the pianist and composer, well known for his numerous useful works for the pianoforte, died recently in Hamburg.

HERR EHRLICH, pianist to his Majesty the King of Hanover, had the honour of playing before her Majesty and the Court at Buckingham Palace, previous to his departure for Baden-Baden, where he has been engaged for the season, in conjunction with Ernst and other eminent artists.

VIEXTEMPS left for Brussels on Sunday, after one of the most brilliant and successful seasons the great violinist ever passed in London. Having entirely abandoned his post at St. Petersburg, he may be expected as an annual visitor to this metropolis. None more welcome.

M. BRANDUS, the eminent Parisian music-publisher, has been in London for a few days. He returns to Paris immediately.

ERNST has returned to Paris. His campaign in the South of France has been a series of triumphs. The celebrated violinist will shortly proceed to Baden-Baden, accompanied by M. Ehrlich (pianist), and Seligmann (violinist).

MADAME RONZI DE BEGUIS.—This once celebrated singer, and very beautiful woman, died lately in Italy. She was for many years an especial favourite at Her Majesty's Theatre, and was distinguished for singing Rossini's music; Madame Ronzi de Beguis was wife of the well known De Beguis, the *basso cantante*, who died in America, about two years since.

The following notices of Concerts were unavoidably held over last week:—

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON'S *Matinee Musicale* took place at her residence, 5, Percy Street, Bedford Square, on Tuesday 28th, under distinguished patronage, when she was assisted on the occasion, by Mesdames Weiss, Zimmerman, Brougham, and F. Lablache, and Messrs. Weiss, Stevens, Montem Smith, and Signor F. Lablache as vocalists; Miss Eliza Ward (Piano); Kreutzer (Violin); Lutgen (Violoncello); Ward (Concertina); Band (Bandonium); and Maycock (Clarinet); Conductors, Mr. J. H. Pollard, and Herr W. Ganz. The programme was diversified by the introduction of some well executed glees. Mr. Newton's charming rendering of Kalliwodai's "Home of love" and Spohr's "Bird and the Maiden" the Clarinet obligato of which songs were finely played by Mr. Maycock, gave great satisfaction. She also sang a ballad by Weiss, "The memory of thee," with great success; her sympathetic style of ballad singing being equally admired with her more fluid Italian cavatinas. Madame Weiss in "Dove Sono" was excellent, as was also Madame F. Lablache (whom we never heard to greater perfection) in her "Legione de Canto" with Signor F. Lablache, and also in her ballad "Mary Jamieson," which was encored. Mr. W. H. Weiss was much applauded in Biletta's ballad, "You are bright as the Rose." The Misses Brougham in their duetts, Madame Zimmerman in her German lied, "Das Erste Veilchen," Messrs. Kreutzer, Lutgen, Band, J. Ward, and Maycock, on their several instruments delighted the audience; as did also Miss Eliza Ward who played a fine solo by Meyer on an exceedingly rich toned instrument by Knoll. The glees were well sung by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Ward, and Messrs. Montem Smith, and Stevens. Mr. J. H. Pollard and Herr W. Ganz were of great assistance in their department as Conductors. The concert went off with great éclat, and evidently to the satisfaction of the fair *beneficiaries* as well as other patrons and patronesses. There was a good attendance.

MISS BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE'S MORNING CONCERT.—The talented professors above-named invited their numerous friends and admirers, on Friday, the 3rd. ultimo, to a very pleas-

ing entertainment at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme showed a good blending of the classic with the popular, and was long enough for four concerts. The vocalists were Miss Bassano, Madame Ferrari, Mdle. Anna Zerr, Mdle. Agnes Bury, Miss Fanny Rowland, Signor Gardoni, Signor Ferrari, Herr Staudigl, and Herr Pischek:—the instruments, Herr Molique (violin), Herr Kuhe (piano), Signor Regondi (concertino), and Herr Oberthur, and Messrs. T. H. Wright and H. J. Trust (harps). The principal classic offering was Beethoven's sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin, No. 3, Op. 30, admirably rendered by Herr Molique and Herr Kuhe. Mozart and Handel also contributed some of the vocal *morceaux*. Herr Kuhe, in addition to the above, played sundry compositions of his own, and showed himself a real master of his instrument. Miss Bassano sang with infinite feeling and expression, Handel's "Lascia chi o pianga," and was no less happy in Howard Glover's romance "Swifter far than summer's flight," and Frank Mori's charming ballad, "My home in the valley." A grand national fantasia for three harps—performers, Herr Oberthur, Messrs. Wright and Trust—was one of the features of the concert. Conductors, Mr. Frank Mori, and Herr Kuhe. The rooms were full.

MRS. STRAHAN entertained a large circle of friends at her mansion, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, on the evenings of June 22nd and the 1st July. On each occasion the "English Glee and Madrigal Union," Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda attended, and performed several of their favourite madrigals, glees, &c. Mr. Land presided at the pianoforte.

MR. BENSON'S Annual Evening Concert took place on Friday June 24th, at the Réunion des Arts, upon which occasion he issued a very enticing programme for a very delightful concert. The artistes engaged were Miss Poole, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Miss Dolby, and Madame Weiss, Mr. Foster, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss; pianoforte, Mrs. Thompson, (late Miss Kate Loder) violin, Mr. Dando; violoncello, Mr. Hancock; and concertina, Signor Regondi. The concert opened with Beethoven's trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, magnificently rendered by Mrs. Thompson, Messrs. Dando and Hancock. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam as usual charmed her hearers by her delightful interpretation of Frank Mori's song, "Twas on a Sunday morning." Mr. Weiss, who was in good voice, sang Mendelssohn's song, "The Roamer," with effect. Of Miss Dolby it would be needless to speak; she sang as she invariably does—exquisitely. Signor Regondi on the concertina was well received. Mrs. Thompson's solo on the pianoforte was charmingly played, and decidedly the gem of the evening's entertainment. Miss Poole sang two songs in her own charming style. A new glee, by J. Elliott, was very nicely rendered, and will upon being repeated occasionally, become popular. Another new offering to the lovers of the lyric art, was a new song, MS., by J. L. Hatton, entitled, "The Violet," finely sung by Mr. Benson; his style of singing of which, more than the composition itself, gained a hearty encore. Mr. Benson in all he did, showed not only an artiste of good and sterling quality, but a musician of more than ordinary merit. Other concerted pieces for voices were interspersed in the concert, and ably sustained by the different vocalists. The concert was in every respect as good as one as we have heard this season. Mr. Lindsay Sloper was the conductor.

MR. ALBERT SCHLOSS'S CONCERT.—This annual performance came off at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, June 6, and was a grand and lengthy affair. Vocalists—Madlles. Anna Zerr, Doria, and Jenny Baur, Misses Stabbach, M. Williams, Thirlwall, and Clara Novello, Signor Gardoni, Herren Reichart, Staudigl, and Pischek. Instrumentalists—Viextemps, Hildebrand Romberg, Frederick Chatterton, and Arabella Goddard. There was a small orchestra. Mr. Frank Mori, conductor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

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The best Plantation Coffee is now 1s. per lb. The best Mocha 1s. 4d.
Teas, Coffees, and all other goods sent Carriage Free, by our own vans and carts, if within eight miles; and Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent carriage free to any part of England, if to the value of 40s., or upwards, by Phillips & Co., Tea and Colonial Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.



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THE Committee of Management have the honor to announce that the above Concert will take place at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to-morrow, Monday, July 11th. Vocalists: Madame Fiorentini, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Madame Doria, Mr. Sims Reeves, and (by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera), Madame Castellani, Herr Fornes, and Signor Tambrlik. Instrumentalists—Messrs. Bottesini, Koenig, Reichert, Baumann, Wuille, Winterbottom, &c., &c. The Orchestra will consist of 250 Performers, including three military bands. Conductor, M. Jullien.

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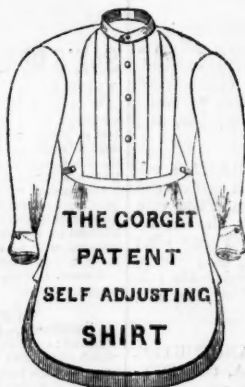
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